

## Miscellaneous.

## EACH MOTHER'S CHILD THE BEST.

As I walked over the hills one day,  
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,  
"To all the green world there's nothing so sweet  
As my little lambs, with their nimble feet,  
With their eyes so bright,  
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight,  
The robin he  
That sings on the tree,  
Dearly may I love him, and what I see  
But the old gray cat and her kittens three;  
So the mother-sheep, and the little one,  
Side by side, lay down in the sun,  
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,  
While my little lambs lie on my arm."

I went to the kitchen, and what I see  
But the old gray cat and her kittens three;  
I heard her whispering soft, said she  
"My kittens, with tails all cunningly curled,  
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.  
The bird in the tree,  
And the old ewe, she,  
May love their babes exceedingly;  
But I love my kittens from morn till night;  
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,  
Which of the three, for the life of me,  
I love them all so well.  
So I'll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,  
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm  
"Star."

So the kittens lie under the stars so warm,  
While my little kitten lies here on my arm.  
I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen  
Gy chucking about with her chickens ten;  
And she clucked, and she scratched, and she  
bristled away,  
And what do you think I heard the hen say?  
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine  
On anything like to these chickens of mine;  
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you  
please,  
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.  
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lambs,  
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;  
For I am not for kittens I won't part with these,  
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on  
their knees.  
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,  
Come, nestle now easily under my wings."

So the hen said,  
And the chickens heed  
As fast as they could to their warm feather bed;  
And there they lay on their backs so warm,  
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

From the Cleveland West-Grover.  
WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

By Mrs. F. D. GAGE.

There is a great deal said in these latter days  
about "affinities" in the marriage relation; and  
about congeniality and all that sort of thing. But  
does not nature always work by contrast? If  
there is an excess in one place, is there not sure  
to be a want in another? Extremes meet, and so  
they did when Bob Gray, the eldest son in town,  
paid his addresses to Kitty Logan, the youngest  
daughter of the village school in the township of Niles,  
where the boys always turned the masters out of doors on  
Christmas, or made them treat. Bob Gray had a  
rich father, a hard working mother, and one proud  
sister, and could afford to be lazy. Mr. Gray the  
elder, came west in very early times, located near  
the town of Niles, lived in a log cabin ten years,  
shook himself out of joint with the age, "wore it  
out," and never had it afterward. But a poor  
neighbor who had a large farm a mile from Mr.  
Gray could not wear it out; his wife died, his chil-  
dren suffered, he offered his farm very cheap, and  
Gray bought him out promising to pay some  
time.

A year or so afterward, discouraged with his  
crops and his inability to pay for the new farm,  
he tried to persuade the former owner to take it  
back, which he refused to do—law suit ensued  
and the matter ended by poor Gray being obliged  
to keep the farm and pay the costs. Terrible was  
the blow, but he lived through it and five years  
afterwards, when the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-  
road passed through the same farm and set up a  
station house exactly in the center, he found him-  
self a rich man. He sold town lots at high figures,  
sent his son Tommy to Jacksonville, to be edu-  
cated, and daughter Susan to Monticello. He dressed  
himself in broad cloth—wore kid gloves—ac-  
cepted the nomination for the legislative body and  
unexpectedly found himself elected and making laws  
for his countrymen at the capital of the Prairie  
State. So much in explanation. Bob came home  
from Jacksonville with his sheep-skin properly  
fitted with blue ribbons, dressed superbly, had  
the best "turn out" in town, wore a tremendous pair of  
whiskers, and of course Kitty Logan felt flattered  
when he offered to wait upon her home from  
church—or called after school to take her out rid-  
ing. Miss Susan Gray took a little pains to find  
out that Kitty was decidedly related to the Sumners  
and Kincaids of Mass., but some how she did not  
learn the important fact that Kitty had worked at  
straw-braiding in the pretty town of Foxboro' until  
she had earned money enough to educate herself.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty,  
and I know I can "paddle my own canoe" out West  
where they say nothing is wanting but the power to  
do and will to put the power in motion.  
So bidding her few friends good-bye, for she  
was an orphan, she donned the prettiest little  
straw hat which her own pretty fingers had plaited,  
sewed and pressed, and trimmed with neat  
drab ribbon with a blue edge, which corresponded  
exactly with her dress, traveling dress and cap;  
and matched her blue eyes to a T. Thus she started  
for Illinois where a friend of her father's had  
written to her—She thought a school could be pro-  
cured. She was a little lame-sick when she ar-  
rived at Niles and would have given one of the  
gold pieces hid away in that private pocket of  
hers, for a look once more at the rough rocks and  
swampy hollows, overshadowed by thin evergreens,  
that surrounded her native home. She would even  
have bounded with joy at the sound of the old fac-  
tory bell that used to call the merry girls together  
for their long evening's toil. Still she did not say so,  
so, but put on a cheerful face—brought out the di-  
rectors and made her application. Mr. Smith, the  
main man, looked as if the little blue-eyed miss,  
with her rosy lips had insulted his dignity by com-  
ing offering herself to teach a school, in that neighbor-  
hood. But as she offered to teach for three dollars a  
month—much more than the last incumbent and wrote  
such a pretty hand, which they could read like

print, and besides had such a "winning way," they  
agreed to hire her. To the astonishment of every-  
body—Christmas and New Year too went by and  
the mistress, instead of being shut out or having  
to treat, was surprised to find herself treated, her  
desk loaded with presents, and even Jim Stokes,  
who had always been called the worst boy in town,  
had headed a surprise party in the evening and al-  
most filled Miss Logan's little room, at Parson  
Brown's, with pledges of good will.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty.  
"I know, Mr. Smith, I should not have any trouble  
with the big boys, they are just as good as need  
be."

"Of course they be," answered the blunt old far-  
mer, who by the revolution of railroads, had been  
brought almost into town. "I can almost wish I  
was a big boy myself, just to show you how good  
I could be."

Mr. Smith laughed and Kitty tripped along to  
her task, carrying her little basket of dinner and  
the good will of everybody that knew her, along  
with her.

Kitty's school house was in the country where  
the older Mr. Gray still lived, having built him-  
self a fine house with "modern improvements," al-  
though he did not know exactly what to do with  
it, nor his wife either. They still tried to get  
along as comfortable as possible, while Miss Susan  
enjoyed it exceedingly and kept the great double  
parlors full of company, which her worn and wea-  
ry mother knew well how to cook for—if she did  
not know how to entertain—good cooking is a  
great thing in a family. Well, Tommy—or as we  
must now call him "Mr. Thomas Gray, Counselor  
and attorney at Law," fell deeply in love with Miss  
Kitty, and it is supposed she fell in love with him;  
and they were married—now we have really begun  
our tale, which we are not writing merely to tell  
a love story, as you see, but to illustrate a prin-  
ciple as well as relate a fact.

Mr. Thomas Gray opened his office in Niles,  
and supposed of course all the world would call  
upon him for counsel, and was for setting up in  
good style—but shrewd little Kitty insisted that a  
plain way was best. She did not desire any such  
display as had been made by some of her neigh-  
bors, who had grown suddenly rich. One day as  
they were riding gaily by a miserable hotel, in the  
suburbs, with broken windows and doors off the  
hinges, a mud hole near, and the pigs looking in  
through the doors at a bearded man—as if they  
sympathized with and had a fellow feeling for him  
in his degradation. Mr. Thomas Gray said to his  
wife—"how would you like to live in such a place  
as that my dear?" "Not at all, of course," was  
the reply. "There is no knowing what may  
happen," said he, "my friend there, Mary Bell, was  
three years ago to all appearances as well off as  
you are to-day; but her husband speculated high,  
lost, took to drink and there she is!"

"I can't help that," answered Kitty, "no drunkard  
can put me into such a place as that."  
"Don't be too sure, deary," said Thomas Gray.  
"Sure?" answered Kitty with spirit, "I am just  
so sure as this, there is not a man living whose  
fortunes I would follow down so low as that."

"What would you do, pray, let us know the se-  
cret?"

"One thing I would not do," answered the young  
matron promptly, "I would not be a drunkard's  
wife."

"How would you help yourself?"

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty,  
"but don't let us talk about that, surely I shall  
never have a drunken husband," and with a deep  
shadow over her brow, that came like a presen-  
timent of evil, the ride was continued in silence.

Two years went by and Mr. Thomas Gray grew  
more and more easy. Bad bargains were made,  
speculations entered into, convivial companions  
drew him from Niles to the Capital. His well  
filled purse made him everywhere welcome. Kitty,  
good little soul, seeing things going a little out  
of the way, would persist in giving moral lessons,  
and teaching the young girls of Niles to paint,  
and then fitted up a class of earnest boys in Latin  
—for college—all in her own pretty cottage, add-  
ing dollar to dollar, like a wise little wife. Then  
in the long evenings, when her husband was with  
his club or down street, easy fellow that he was,  
her fingers grasped a good steel pen and many a  
pleasant tale went forth to the world, well paid  
for, through eastern journals.

To make a long story short, the crash of '57  
found Mr. Thomas Gray and his father, the elder,  
exactly under it and down they went, so low that  
old Billy Fitch the drayman declared he could not  
find enough left of them to pay him for hauling  
the goods to the auction room. Town lots, big  
houses and all went, together and Mr. Gray the  
elder was found one morning in October of '57,  
suspended from a beam in his own barn—at the  
end of his wife's patent clothes line, and on that  
eventful morning Thomas Gray, Jr., lay stretched  
his whole length upon the counter of a larger beer  
saloon, if not drunk, so stupid he didn't get home  
till morning.

The terrible suicide happened on the very morn-  
ing when both families were leaving the great  
house, to move into the very hotel which, two  
years before, Kitty had declared she could never  
be brought to live in. Three days before her hus-  
band said to her, with a thick tongue, "you've got  
to come to it, Kitty, after all, you see it ain't always  
so easy to keep out of hotels."

Kitty made no reply but with resolute will "went  
on her way. When the funeral was over, she led  
the weary heartbroken mother and wife, and the  
proud paroled daughter to their new shelter, and  
the now sobered husband followed.

But what a sight met their gaze! the hotel was a  
neat cottage, every window-pane in its place, the  
floors neat and clean, the pallings white washed,  
the mud hole gone, and the pleasant comfort of a  
humble home on every hand. Into it they walked  
much with astonishment to find the favorite fur-  
niture, even to Susan's piano.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty  
gravely—"I had anticipated trouble, and with the  
money I have been laying up for a few years I  
have been able by the kind assistance of my hus-  
band's partner, to secure this in my own name,  
and make it a comfortable home for your mother  
and sister; now it remains with you to say whether  
I shall be the wife of a man; the wife of a drunk-  
ard I will never be any longer than the law will  
compel me."

I shall hold the deeds of this property in my  
hands. If you will, we can be happy here. My  
school is open for me, even from the hotel; our  
child must not live to see or know her father's  
shame. Forsake your drinking company and I  
will be faithful to the end. If you go on as here-  
tofore, I will take myself and infant beyond your  
reach!"

She conquered just as she did with the big  
boys. Thomas Gray had been inside of a year  
or bear almost since that memorable day. Miss  
Susan is a wiser and a better woman than before  
the fall. The aged mother is only sorrowful that  
the dead cannot return and see how happy cheer-

fulness and industry can make a family.

Kitty still works away—her blue eyes and golden  
hair, like the blue sky and spring sunshine,  
shedding light and joy all around her. She some-  
times says quietly to Susan, that she shall teach  
young Thomas, the third, that important lesson  
which has been her own talisman through life:  
"That where there's a will there's a way."

(From the Ladies' Wreath.)  
HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Hand in hand with angels,  
Through the world we go;  
Brighter eyes are on us  
Than we blind ones know:  
Tenderer voices cheer us  
Than we deaf will own;  
Never, walking heavenward,  
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,  
Some are out of sight,  
Leading us, unknowing,  
Into paths of light.  
Some soft hands are covered  
From our mortal clasp,  
Soul in soul to hold us  
With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,  
Some, alas! are prone;  
Snoozy wings, in falling,  
All earth-stained have grown.  
Help them from soiled pollution  
And despoiled they lie;  
Weaker is your soaring  
When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels,  
On in mental guise,  
By the same straight pathway  
High and low must rise:  
If we drop the fingers,  
Toil embowed and worn,  
Then one link from heaven  
From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels,  
In the busy street,  
By the winter hearth-fire,  
Everywhere we meet—  
Though undressed and songless  
Birds of Paradise,  
Heaven looks on us daily  
Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels,  
Walking every day,  
How the chain may brighten,  
None of us can say;  
Yet its double reaches  
From earth's lowest one  
To the loftiest seraph  
Standing near the Throne.

Hand in hand with angels,  
'Tis a twisted chain,  
Winding heavenward, earthward,  
Up and down again.  
There's a painful jarring,  
There's a clank of doubt,  
If a heart grows heavy,  
Or a heart's left out.

Hand in hand with angels,  
Blessed so to be;  
Helped are all the helpers,  
Who give light shall see;  
He who aids another,  
Blesses more than one;  
Linking earth, he grasps  
To the great white Throne.

Hand in hand with angels,  
Ever let us go;  
Clinging to the strong ones,  
Drawing up the slow;  
One electric love-stone,  
Thrilling all with fire,  
Saw we through vast ages,  
Higher—ever higher.

A JOURNEY UNDER PARIS.

A correspondent of a Swedish journal furnishes  
an interesting account of a subterranean voyage  
made through one of the admirably constructed  
sewers of Paris. The boat which conveyed the  
party was reached by descending a flight of steps  
to the depth of about forty feet. The boat, a  
flat-bottomed affair, was lighted by four lamps.  
The sewer is an archway, fifteen feet high, and of  
equal breadth, with a ditch of canal about ten feet  
wide, wherein all the dirt and filth of Paris is car-  
ried away. On the sides are sidewalks, which to-  
gether are about four feet wide. The whole is  
built of beautiful sandstone, and is kept remarkably  
neat and clean. No stench or bad smell was  
perceptible. The denser portion of the filth is  
carried away through large drains beneath the  
sidewalks.

The sidewalks are excellent, and exhibit no  
signs of dampness, while the walls of the arch-  
way are kept whitewashed, and are at all times as  
white as the driven snow. The structure possesses  
the properties of an immense speaking tube, the  
workmen being able to converse at the distance of  
two miles from each other. The echo is very strong  
and lasting. The fabric is said to be built after a  
model of the catacombs of Rome, aided by all the  
latest improvements. On both sides, at about two  
hundred yards distance from one another, are  
openings through which the workmen can ascend  
by means of permanent iron ladders, in case a  
sudden rain storm should cause the water to rise  
over the side-walks, which is, however, of rare oc-  
currence.

The contents of the sewer of course flow into  
the river Seine, and the current is sufficient to  
carry the boat used along with considerable veloc-  
ity. Large reservoirs are constructed at intervals,  
into which the water can be turned for a short  
time in case it should be necessary to have the  
canal dry for a little while. The whole work was  
completed in two years. Besides the main canal,  
there are many minor ones constructed under the  
principal streets, all of which can be made to  
communicate with one another. These admirable  
underground works are accessible from the Louvre,  
the Tuilleries, and from all the barracks; and  
should Parisians take a notion to barricade the  
streets in any part of the city, the Imperial Gov-  
ernment might, at short notice and without any  
person being aware of it, transport troops; and if  
there is time to make use of the reservoir, so can  
cavalry also be transported the same way. There  
is an end to shooting on the soldiers from the win-  
dows, and a revolution in Paris will only be re-  
membered among things that have been, never to  
occur again.

## CURE FOR CANCER.

"It ought to be universally known,"—Our at-  
tention has been recently called to a cure for can-  
cers, which is of so much importance that we wish  
to make it known, as widely as possible. Some  
eight months ago, Mr. T. B. Mason, who keeps a  
music store on Wisconsin street, and is a brother  
of the well-known Lowell Mason, ascertained that  
he had a cancer on his face of the size of a pea.  
It was cut out by Dr. Wolcott, and the wound par-  
tially healed. Subsequently it grew again, and  
while he was in Cincinnati on business, it attained  
the size of a hickory nut. He has remained there  
since Christmas under treatment, and has come  
back perfectly cured. The process is this:—

A piece of sticking plaster was put over the  
cancer, with a circular piece cut out the centre a  
little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer,  
and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to  
it, was exposed. Then a plaster made of elcrid  
of zinc, bloodroot and wheat flour, was spread on  
a piece of muslin of the size of this circular open-  
ing, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four  
hours. On removing it the cancer will be found  
to be burnt into, and appear of the color and hard-  
ness of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim out-  
side of it will appear white and parboiled, as if  
scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed  
and the outside rim soon separates, and the cancer  
comes out a hard lump, when the place heals up.  
The plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs out  
like dead flesh, and never grows again. This remedy  
was discovered by Dr. Fell, of London, and has  
been used by him for six or eight years, with  
unfailing success; and not a case has been known  
of the reappearance of the cancer, where this remedy  
has been applied. It has the sanction of the most  
eminent physicians and surgeons of London,  
but has not, till very recently, been used to any  
extent, in this country, and many of the faculty,  
with their proverbial opposition to innovations,  
look upon it with distrust. We saw Mr. Mason  
yesterday, and have since conversed with him, and  
took particular notice of the cicatrized wound, and  
we can only say, that if the cure is permanent  
—and from the evidence of six or eight years' ex-  
perience in other cases, we have no doubt it is—  
the remedy ought to be universally known. We  
referred to this case, because Mr. Mason is well-  
known both here and at the East. The experi-  
ment excited much interest in Cincinnati, and we  
call the attention of the faculty in this State to the  
remedy. If it is what is claimed for it, this terri-  
ble disease will be shorn of most of its terrors.  
The application is painful, but the pain is of com-  
paratively brief duration, which any one so afflic-  
ted would cheerfully endure.—*Milwaukee Free Press*.

A REGULAR CHINESE FEAST.  
At Ching, a wealthy Chinese merchant of San  
Francisco, recently gave a dinner to some of the  
prominent citizens, consisting of fourteen courses.  
Of the bird nests courses, etc., the San Francisco  
Herald says:—

The eleventh course consisted of the famed bird's  
nests, worth their weight in gold in China. These  
nests, are built by a species of swallow found in  
the India sea, particularly in the island of Sumatra.  
The nest is the shape of a common swallow's  
nest, is about the size of a goose's egg, and has the  
appearance of fibrous, imperfectly conjoined in-  
glasses. The substance of which it is composed is  
not known, but it is supposed to be the spaw of  
fishes, gathered by the bird, or a secretion elabo-  
rated from the body of the swallow. The finest are  
those gathered before the young swallows are  
hatched, at which time they are pure and white.  
These nests are found in caverns and almost in-  
accessible places, rendering it impossible for any  
one to collect them who has not been regularly  
brought up to the business. After the bird's nest  
dish, a shark's fins, a great delicacy with the Chi-  
nese, was placed on the table. It had a rank,  
musty flavor by no means palatable to outside bar-  
barians. Another course of some Chinese prepa-  
rations, and the last one, consisting of stewed duck  
wound up the meats, making fourteen courses in  
all.

Then came the dessert, consisting of Chinese  
cakes, jellies and pates of different kinds all of  
which were served up at one time. The bread  
consisted of two kinds, one in small loaves, about  
as large and looking just like a moderate  
sized, freshly peeled mushroom. They are ex-  
quisitely white and light. The other sort of bread  
was in loaves of the same shape, only about four  
times larger. On being broken open a thin plastic  
covering made of flour, peeled off and revealed the  
light and snowy bread, baked in layers which de-  
tached from each other like separate pan-cakes.  
Both of these sorts of bread were slightly sweet-  
ened.

GENIUS AND SENSE.—Genius is a rare and pre-  
cious gem, of which few know the worth. It is  
fitter for the cabinet of the connoisseur than for  
the commerce of mankind. Good sense is a bank  
note, convenient for exchange, negotiable at all  
times, and current in all places. It knows the value  
of small things, and considers that an aggre-  
gate of them makes up the sum of human affairs.  
Good sense has not so piercing an eye, but it has  
as clear a sight; it does not penetrate so deeply,  
but as far as it does see, it discerns distinctly.  
Good sense is a judicious mechanic, who can pro-  
duce beauty and convenience out of suitable  
means; but genius (I speak with reverence of the  
immeasurable distance) bears some remote resem-  
blance to the Divine Architect, who produced per-  
fection of beauty without any visible material;  
"who spoke and it was created," who said, "Let  
it be, and it was."

A QUEER TRANSLATION.—While Elliot was en-  
gaged in translating the Bible into the Indian lan-  
guage, he came to this passage:—"The mother of  
Sisera looked out at the window and cried through  
the lattice, etc. Not knowing an Indian word to  
signify lattice, he applied to several of the natives,  
and endeavored to describe to them what a lat-  
tice resembled. He described it as a framework,  
netting, wicker, or whatever else occurred to him  
as illustrative; when they gave him a long, bar-  
barous, and unpronounceable word, as many of  
the words in their language.

Some years after, when he had learned their  
dialect more correctly, he is said to have laughed  
outright, upon finding that the Indians had given  
him the true term for lattice—"The mother of  
Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through  
the lattice!"—*Boston Transcript*.

Hon. Roger A. Pryor having said that he would  
be the Brutus if Lincoln were elected, Prentiss re-  
marks that if it comes to stabbing, they have a  
Cassius in Kentucky who will be after Brutus.

At the Horticultural Show in Boston, Mass.,  
one contributor showed fifty-eight varieties of the  
potato.

## NEW HAT &amp; CAP STORE.

M. R. Robinson, offers for sale at the new  
HAT STORE.  
in Salem. (North side of Main Street, four doors  
East of the Farmers Bank.)  
HATS AND CAPS,  
in great variety of style and material.  
Call and examine his stock, and decide for your-  
selves concerning the quality of his goods, and  
the reasonableness of his prices.  
Salem, April 7th, 1860.

SALEM, August 1st, 1860.  
We would most respectfully inform you, that  
we have this day commenced our  
GREAT SEMI-ANNUAL  
CLOSING OUT SALES  
OF  
SUMMER GOODS,  
REMNANTS, &c., AT REDUCED PRICES.

Sales to continue during the month, in which  
time we feel determined to close out the above  
stock, preparatory to receiving New Fall Goods.  
An early call is solicited.  
Yours, Truly,  
J. & L. SCHILLING.

George W. Manley,  
AM BROT TYPE  
AND PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST,  
SCHILLING'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET,  
SALEM, OHIO.  
Salem, June 23, 1860.

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